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Nelly Ryder's Tea Triumph.

Nellie Ryder, or Mrs. Edward Ryder, as her cards read, which she has only used a few months, is in a brown study all the afternoon of a warm October day in the year 1877, and at last, when Ned comes home, the subject matter appears. 'Ned, it is really time for us to return some of the hospitalities people have been lavishing upon us. I know, dear, what you mean by that look—it is very pleasant to have our evenings to ourselves at last, after the jaunting to Newport and up the Hudson, and the many evenings out this month in town, but we can give one 'At Home,' and do it all up, at least for the winter, and I think October is just the month for parties, neither too cool nor too warm.'

'But, my pet, you don't know all I mean to say. I'm not made of money, and I've been thinking lately that we'd better be a little careful and now you propose a party. Why, the champagne and other wines alone will cost—'

Nellie's face changed just a little, for, though Ned is not at all fond of these wines as yet, it seems to her that there is a cloud like a man's hand in the clear sky which may, unless she can dispel it, darken their future. Ned is the soul of hospitality, and when his chums and bachelor acquaintances stop in, as they are fond of doing, at the simple yet elegant little home of the Ryders, Ned offers wine freely, and though he drinks sparingly himself, he was not shocked and heart-sick as Nellie was when young Harry S. drank too freely the other night, and had to be guided home. 'Such things often happened,' he said; 'the only thing was not to go too far.' And as all this flashed through the young wife's mind, she interrupted her husband eagerly.

'But I don't ask you to have wines; we don't need them at all.'

'Oh, Puss, any one could tell you have lived in the country a good share of your life; why, child, you could no more give a party to our gentleman friends without wines than you could to our lady friends without Delmonico salad, waiters and hired musicians. Come, I'll give up the wines if you give up the waiters, etc., and give a regular old-fashioned tea-drinking. I know you couldn't do it.'

'I take you at your word, Ned! No, don't say any thing more; just give me a check for what you think we can afford to spend on a tea-drinking, and consider yourself engaged for—let me see, this is the 21st—well, the 28th of October.'

'I'll give you a check, Nelly By, but stipulate that, if you shock our friends, or the whole affair falls through, I am to give a stunning wine-party in November.'

'And if I succeed, dear, and Harry and Dave (Ned's chums) say they enjoy it, will you give up offering wines?'

The gentle hand, laid on his shoulder so lovingly, trembled as he clasped it.

'Why, darling, I do believe you are nervous about wines; you couldn't give a tea party to the Van Rensselaers, Philippses, Livingstones, and such; but there, I won't discourage you. I'll stick to my word, and even agree to your amendment of the resolution—here, I'll write it, and the check, at once.'

How the blue eyes shone, as Ned laughingly wrote: 'Agreed, that if Mrs. Ryder invites and successfully entertains on October the twenty-eight (or thereabouts) our mutual friends and acquaintances, from 5 to 10 o'clock, without extra waiters, salads (except home-made), or hired musicians, I, Edward Ryder, will entirely renounce the sad habit I now have of offering wines to my friends, and, indeed, will drink no wine from that day.'

'I may as well add that, Puss,' he said, as he signed his name, 'for I only care for wines when I have friends about me; and anyway, you'll never do it—you can't.'

Nellie went to the piano, for she could not trust her voice at once; but Ned laid a check on the music before her, at which she exclaimed, 'One hundred dollars, and you want to be careful! I can do with half that.'

'Nellie, you are a dear little wife, but you just know nothing about money. How much do you think that reception last Tuesday cost the Livingstones?'

'Three hundred?'

'Fully a thousand at the lowest, so your tea-drinking may cost more than one hundred dollars. I don't limit you to that amount, only as to waiters, etc., as per agreement. Now sing for me.'

There was a gladness ring in her voice that Ned had not heard for some time, and as love had quickened his insight into her character, he began to suspect how much his dear young wife had thought of the use and abuse of wine. Nothing more was said on the subject till, as Ned was leaving for his office the next morning, in answer to his question as to her plans for the day, she said, 'I am going to invite our friends, or at least make out my list.' He laughed, and kissed her good-by.

The moment the door was closed, Nellie set to work. The first thing was to send for sister Mary, and while Ann was taking the note to her, Nellie chose her guests from her visiting list. Fifty was her limit, and though several new acquaintances had to be set aside, still, as Nellie only resided in the city since her marriage, the number covered all her intimate friends. At luncheon she told Mary of her plan, saying nothing, though, of her agreement with Ned, as she would not let even sister Mary know that in the matter of wine-drinking she and her husband differed in opinion.

Mary thought it a queer idea, but decidedly original, and that with care it might prove successful.

'I met your friend, N. T. W., last night

Nellie, and if he calls within a day or two (as he assured me he would) you might persuade him to help along the evening with one or two of his wonderful recitations.'

'Oh, Mollie, that is a lovely idea—and about the tea? But first help me with the invitations so that we can leave them tomorrow. I suppose we must give them from Saturday till Thursday, even for a tea-drinking.'

'Certainly; people are so engaged in this busy city.'

And so they planned and chatted. Nellie being promised every assistance that Mary could give her. The invitations were given out the next day, and numerous friends wondered what it would be, and what they should wear.

Any young housekeeper can imagine how the days slipped by with Nellie. She was naturally deft at pretty combinations of plants, ferns and autumn leaves; had all her wedding-gifts of crystal and silver, and feared no failure, when on Wednesday morning her confidence received a sudden and unexpected shock. Ned's cousin Aurelia, from Boston, came without any warning to spend a week with them. Now if there was one woman in the world that Nellie had just a little sore feeling towards, it was this cousin of Ned's. He had once acknowledged to a rather serious flirtation with the stately girl in his college days, and had always cited her as a model of good taste and a mirror of fashion, to Nellie.

'You'd better take Aurelia's advice as to your company to-morrow night,' said Ned, as he bade the ladies good by that morning. 'I'll foot the bill, and let the affair be as *recherche* as you ladies can make it.'

Nellie's heart sank, but with the 'agreement' before her, her tea party should succeed, in spite of even a Boston belle. She told Aurelia that she had invited a few friends to tea, but that young lady insisted on knowing 'how many' and 'who,' and when she heard the number and names of the guests, held up her hands in amazement—'It would never do; their position in society would be ruined! And no dancing? No supper? Come, it must be as Ned said. She would take all the trouble off of Nellie's shoulders, and even in the short time left to her could get musicians, and order an elegant little supper. Ned would not mind the expense,' she assured Nellie.

But Nellie would not let Aurelia have her way, and the later was to well-oiled to quarrel with her hostess; yet each felt vexed, and Nellie dreaded lest her husband should show any feeling of displeasure towards her before his cousin.

Determined to avoid this, at all risks, she decided to go down to Ned's office, and walk home with him. So when Aurelia retired to dress for dinner, Nellie slipped out, and reached the office just as Ned was starting up town.

'Why, Puss, I'm in luck!' was his greeting. 'This seems like the old love days.'

Nellie, having him all to herself, persuaded him that he might trust the entire arrangement for the next evening to her. 'I want to surprise your cousin, dear, so please don't say a word about our tea-party to-night.'

Ned agreed, and as, when Aurelia broached the subject of the next evening's entertainment, it was hardly noticed, she had to let the matter drop, and at Nellie's request, refrained from looking into the parlor or dining-room the next day.

At last, Thursday evening came, and Nellie stood ready to receive her guests. Ned had some misgivings, but liked to see Nellie so bright and full of business as she had been through the past week—full of secrets too, for he was to know nothing of the arrangement till the evening.

As he steps into the parlor a pretty sight met his eye. Nellie stands between the front windows, and behind hang and climb flowers; that space had always troubled him, for he would not buy a mirror, till he could get a full set; mantle and pier to his taste; but what mirror could equal the ivy, German and English, with flowers hanging from above, and growing up from pots banked with moss on the floor. Nellie stands in her blue silk, with soft lace at her neck and sleeves; her pearls, his wedding-gift, seems only whiter than the smooth pure skin. Mrs. Livingston has entered, and Nellie is a little nervous, as Ned's practiced eyes see, but a less watchful observer would only think her wonderfully dignified for such a little woman. The guests came promptly, and at a sign from Nellie, Ned offers his arm to Cousin Aurelia, and leads the way to the dining-room.

It is wonderfully beautiful. The window recesses have each an arch of growing plants in full bloom; the principal table in the center of the room is small but exquisitely laid; flowers and fruit, with cut glass and silver, make it a beauty. Nellie, and about ten of the guests, take seats at this table, while Ned has charge of a small one in a window recess, Mary heads another, and three chosen friends, who have been notified before-hand, preside over the others.

Nellie tells her husband she thinks he should set the ball rolling by a speech, and this is Ned's forte (as the little woman knows), he makes them all merry and sociable by a description of a fictitious tea drinking in the country where he first met Mrs. Ryden, and says, as he has married a country lassie, they are invited to a 'tea,' and begs them to be sociable over the cup that 'cheers but not inebriates.'

All goes merrily, and though there are no courses, yet they linger at the table,

and certainly do justice to the cheerer. The evening passes all too quickly for the guests. Carriages have been ordered for 10 o'clock, but waited at the door—the guests could not tear themselves away. Mr. W. had made them grave and gay by turns, by his magical rendering of poems, sad or witty. There was good singing, pleasant talk, a little cream about ten o'clock, and when, at a quarter before twelve, Ned went to the door with his chums, who had lingered last, Harry exclaimed:

'Well, Ned, I always have thought you a lucky dog, but what a genius your wife has for giving parties. You'll see that the fashions will be copying all this, and before long, tea-drinking will be quite a rage. Why, come to think of it, not one of us fellows has smoked a cigar or taken a drop of wine, and at most parties I couldn't get through the evening if it wasn't for the smoking-room up stairs. Good night. You've got a treasure, and she's made tea-drinkings fashionable; but I'm afraid they won't give up the room up stairs with the wines and whiskies—I wish they would.'

Ned loved to tell his friends of his wife's first tea-party, and how thankful he has learned to be for the agreement they had made, as he now sees to what the habit of social drinking may lead.—Hope Ledyard, in Demorest's Monthly.

A Mushroom Mining Town.

Leadville, Lake county, Col., is the highest city on the continent. It is what miners call a rattling camp. It is close up to the snowy range, overlooking California gulch, the scene of the gold hunting furor of 1859. At an altitude of about 9,000 feet, or, to put it more forcibly, nearly two miles higher than New York, it may be considered as well up in the world. There is no place like it in the whole Rocky mountains. It is a larger city than Deadwood on the north, or Silverton or Lake City on the south. The twenty year old towns of Black Hawk Central and Georgetown are nothing to it in population, trade, fast money-making and fast everything. Where Leadville now stands was a year ago almost a howling wilderness. There were a few prospectors busying themselves with turning up the rocks here and there, but there was hardly what could be called a camp. No town had been staked out. It was not until last spring that the place was organized and named. From that time until now people have poured in from all of the surrounding country, from the far East and from the Pacific States and territories, until now there is a bustling city of 8,000 inhabitants. It has a mayor; city council, police and fire departments, churches, schools, a telegraph line, daily mails, money-order post office, two newspapers, three banks and hundreds of stores, shops saloons and other features of a fast new city. The streets have a sort of straggling regularity. The principal thoroughfares are named Chestnut, Pine, State and Harrison avenues. Almost everything is cheaply built, the stores which carry the largest stocks being mere cabins. There are few story-and-a-half and two story buildings. Lumber is in great demand, and the three or four saw-mills in the vicinity are not adequate to supply the need. Lately business men have begun to plan larger and better structures; brick-yards have been started, and some fine blocks are under way. The prevailing spirit is that of rampant speculation. People stake out claims, tear up the rocks a little, sometimes 'salt' them, get some plausible-do-nothing to talk up the discovery, and it is but a few days before an avaricious 'tender-foot' catches the bait at a high figure. Lot-brokers, who have the refusal of most all the desirable property in town, lot-jumpers and city addition platters drive a big business. Everything partakes of the nature of a grand delusion. Men seem to be carried away with the excitement, and no longer satisfied with the plodding and sure-footed business ways, seem lost in a mad, furious chase for fortunes. Of course, saloons dance-houses, theatres and kenos dance flourish in such a place as this.

Two Noted Grave Robbers.

Our readers will remember the account given in these columns of the robbing of the grave of the Hon. Scott Harrison, in Ohio, last May, the body being found in the dissecting-room of the Ohio Medical College. Public indignation justly brands any man as a scoundrel who will rob the grave of the dead. But there are two noted grave robbers in the country, so far from being the subjects of the people's wrath, are universally lauded for their virtues. The reason is plain. While the former class steal the dead bodies of our loved ones to submit them to the dissecting knife, these only rob the graves to restore the living victims to our hearts and homes. Their names—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets—are household words the world over. The Golden Medical Discovery cures consumption, in its early stages, and all bronchial, throat, and lung affections; Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the most valuable laxative and cathartic.

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